

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that another dockyard is to be constructed on the East Coast. This, we suppose, is part of the admirable policy of laying down two Kiels to one.

The formation of the Leeds and District Liberal Clubs' Brewery Co., Ltd., is announced, and some interesting advertisements may now be expected. For instance, "Haldane Stout is the best."

With reference to a recent remark of ours about an agitation for the abolition of the Lower House a correspondent draws our attention to the fact that there is already a Commons Preservation Society in existence.

There is some probability, it is said, that the Turkish Government may make the study of German obligatory in all schools in the Ottoman Empire. We believe it is a fact that only those who have heard German spoken with a Turkish accent have any idea of the musical possibilities of the language.

We are pleased to read in *The Times* that the late Mr. GARDSTEIN has been repudiated by all respectable Anarchists in this country.

To those newspapers which are expressing the view that too much fuss has been made about the Sidney Street affair we would say: Why quarrel with your bread-and-butter?

A barometer, and not a baronetcy, as was stated by a careless contemporary, has been awarded to a brave skipper who made a rescue off the Mull of Galloway last month. It was a stupid mistake. Baronetcies are not given for doing things.

The Daily Mail, speaking of a certain costume, says, "The coat can be turned inside out with marvellous celerity, and its appearance is so absolutely changed by the transformation that to believe the garments one and the same model is really difficult." We can readily believe this. We tried the process with our own coat the other day.

Everyone goes in for business nowadays. M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION declares that the recent earthquakes are due to the globe contracting.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, speaking at the L.C.C. Teachers' Conference, advised stage lessons for children, on the ground that, if one acts the part of a noble character, one becomes noble. This may explain much in regard to some of those actresses who take the parts of ladies with a past.

Our decadent age! Where is it going to stop? A circular concerning the forthcoming Fancy Dress Ball of the Chelsea Arts Club says:—"Costume must be worn." So far, excellent. But wait:—"Venetian Capes

a certain English railway company striking his breast and saying, "Thank Heaven, this could not happen on our line!"

On the 11th inst., Lord ROBERT CECIL moved a resolution in favour of the Upper Chamber in the Hampstead Parliament. Though Lord ROBERT is not a Peer, this episode lends colour to the rumour published by us some time ago to the effect that London's model Parliaments might be induced to offer a limited number of seats to Peers in the event of their eviction from the other place.

It is stated that the burglars who recently broke into 49, Old Bond Street, wore gloves. But then one would expect Bond Street burglars to be dressy.

From an advt. of an hotel for sale:

"There is accommodation for nearly 70 visitors, all in excellent repair and thoroughly well furnished." The business of the new management will be to keep up this high standard of vicarious catering.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

MY DEAR GIRL,—I shall never, I hope, make such an ass of myself as to attempt to instruct you in any point of behaviour or even suggest that you have a fault, but I do wish you would listen a little more closely sometimes when I am speaking. I know I am a dull fellow, and such things as I have to say to you are not profoundly interesting, but it does mean so much to me to be heard, and you are now and then so fearfully short with me. Don't be angry, will you? We have known each other too long for that, haven't we? It must be—how long?—five years since you were first bored by my remarks. No wonder, then, that you are getting less and less patient with me and oftener and oftener ask me to say it again. There must, I think, be something wrong about my voice. If so, I am truly sorry. I will go to a vocalist, or whatever you call them. This will perhaps save you from going to an aurist, which I should never dream of asking you to do. But meanwhile; when I succeed in attracting your notice, you will try a little harder to attend, won't you?

Your friend, —

To the Girl at the Telephone Exchange.



THE CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN DELINQUENT.

and Turkish Caps will be considered sufficient."

A Paris contemporary informs us that among the anniversaries which could be celebrated this month is that of the "quadrature du mouchoir de poche." It is to be hoped that much publicity will be given to this event, with the result that one of the most useful inventions of all times will be brought to the notice of those persons who are at present ignorant of it.

A French gentleman has been awarded £2 damages against a railway company because a train by which he intended to travel started out of the station two minutes too early. One can picture the Managing Director of

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

[In a leader, entitled "Imagination and Fact," *The Daily Chronicle* remarks that "anybody who looks at all closely at the Tory papers must be struck by some curious things just now;" and, having developed this general observation with comments upon certain feats of political fancy, issues the following authoritative statement: "Thus are imagination and facts at strife. When it comes to the test of the division lobbies the facts will win."]

NURSED on opinion of the looser kind,
Fed up with foolish talk and vacant tracts,
How oft it eases my Platonic mind
To think on regions where they know the Facts;
To feel that somewhere on Olympian heights,
Within a zone of perfect calm located,
Mocking Imagination's mortal flights,
Stands the abode of Truth Unmitigated.

So in our little world of party feuds,
Where daedal Fancy takes her chartered fling,
And everyone portentously intrudes
His own perversion of the Actual Thing,
How well it is, when politicians urge
Each man his private fiction like a hobby,
To pause serenely till the Facts emerge
From the infallible Division-Lobby.

While some will tell you how the recent poll
Condemned a rotten Peerage to the axe,
And some, who claim to read the People's soul,
Say that it turned upon the tummy-tax;—
While thus Conjecture rides the vast inane
Wafted by various Fancy-made propellers,
I trust to Truth to make the matter plain
When she conveys the verdict through her "tellers."

None else can say just what the Public meant;
None but the speaking Truth can tell us why
With such precise exactitude they sent
The two great Parties back to make a tie;
Look to the Lobby, when the bells ring out!
Though Falsehoods meanwhile flourish for a wee bit,
ELIBANK is her prophet; he don't doubt
Magna est Veritas et prævalebit.

O. S.

The New Coinage.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have before now hurt the sacred feelings of some of your Scots clients by wrongly referring to the inhabitants of Great Britain as "the English." It may please you therefore to have your attention called to a letter in a Radical journal of Jan. 12, where the writer pleads against the use of a dead language on our new coins. "Is not the English language," he asks, "more widely spoken, and has it not a greater literature than any other?" (I should not dare to answer the second riddle, but as for the first I am very nearly sure that the English language is more widely spoken than Latin or any other dead language.) "Latin," he continues, "is all right in its proper place, but when it obtrudes itself on our modern English coinage it becomes an absurd anomaly." I italicize the word "English," because the letter is signed "DEI GRA. HIELAN' LADDIE." It almost looks as if the writer might be a Scot. What do you think?

Yours cannily, A MON AN' A BRITHER.

"The first photograph is that of a fourteen pound pike taken in a backyard from the top of a step-ladder."—*Country Life*.

Why go to Norway to fish? Buy a step-ladder and fish in your own backyard.

THE GOOSE.

SCENE—The dining-room at luncheon time. He and She are there with four children (three girls ranging in age from seven to eleven, and a boy of three and a half). Also a Mademoiselle. They have just taken their seats and the meal is about to begin. A youthful footman is hovering about.

He. Halloa! Why's the goose in front of me? Where's Parkins?

She. I told you all about it, but I suppose you didn't listen. Parkins has gone to London to see his daughter married, and you've got to carve the goose.

He. Oh, come, I say! That's rather a stiff job, isn't it? A goose is such a rum bird to carve.

She. My dear Charles, you've always told me you were a sort of heavy-weight championship carver.

He. So I am at legs of mutton and chickens and hams. I simply can't be beaten at hams; but a goose!

She. Well, if you won't I must.

He. Never.

She. Hurry up, then. We're all starving.

He. If I must, I must, so here goes. (To the little boy) John, tell your mother not to allow you to choke yourself with the spoon. Here's for a peerage or Westminster Abbey. (He plunges the fork into the bird's breast and sets to work with the knife.) This is easier than I thought. There! I've cut you two of the daintiest slices I've ever seen.

She. Don't forget the stuffing.

He. Good heavens! Stuffing! Which end is it?

She. Don't be absurd, Charles.

He. Can nobody tell a gentleman where a goose keeps its stuffing? I suppose I must chance it. (He does.) Wrong, of course. What a mercy there's only one other end. (He gets at the stuffing and inserts a spoon.) Here's stuffing for the million. It's more exciting than digging for diamonds. My, what a bird this is for stuffing! I must say it's extremely creditable to you and cook to choose a bird like that. You might have picked a goose without any stuffing at all, and where should we have been then? [He continues carving the breast.

The Eldest Girl (to the Second). Dad's making a joke now.

Second Girl. No, he isn't. That wasn't a joke. Dad meant that.

Third Girl. Never mind, Dad. I like your jokes.

He. Thank you, Betsy. You've got a kind heart.

She. Do get on a little faster, dear. You're keeping the children waiting, and we shall never finish luncheon at this rate.

He. That's a nice thing to say to a man when he's doing his best. I'm all among the legs and wings now, so I mustn't be hurried. This looks like a wing, but where's its joint? (He begins to perform feats of strength with the carving-knife.) I take back everything I said in praise of this blessed bird. It hasn't got a joint anywhere. (More feats.) If—I—don't—get—through—something—directly—you—can—count—me—out. I'll—

[At this point the goose, having been incautiously elevated, drops back into the dish with a splash. The children yell with joy.

Third Girl. You've splashed Madamazelle in the face.

He. Mille pardons, Mademoiselle. La sauce—

Mademoiselle. Ce n'est rien, Monsieur. Vous avez visé juste, même trop juste. Je l'ai reçue dans la bouche.

The three Girls (more or less together). Dad's splashed Madamazelle. Dad's spoilt the table-cloth. There's a big splash on the silver cup. Doesn't it make your face look funny in the cup? There's a splash on my hand, &c., &c.

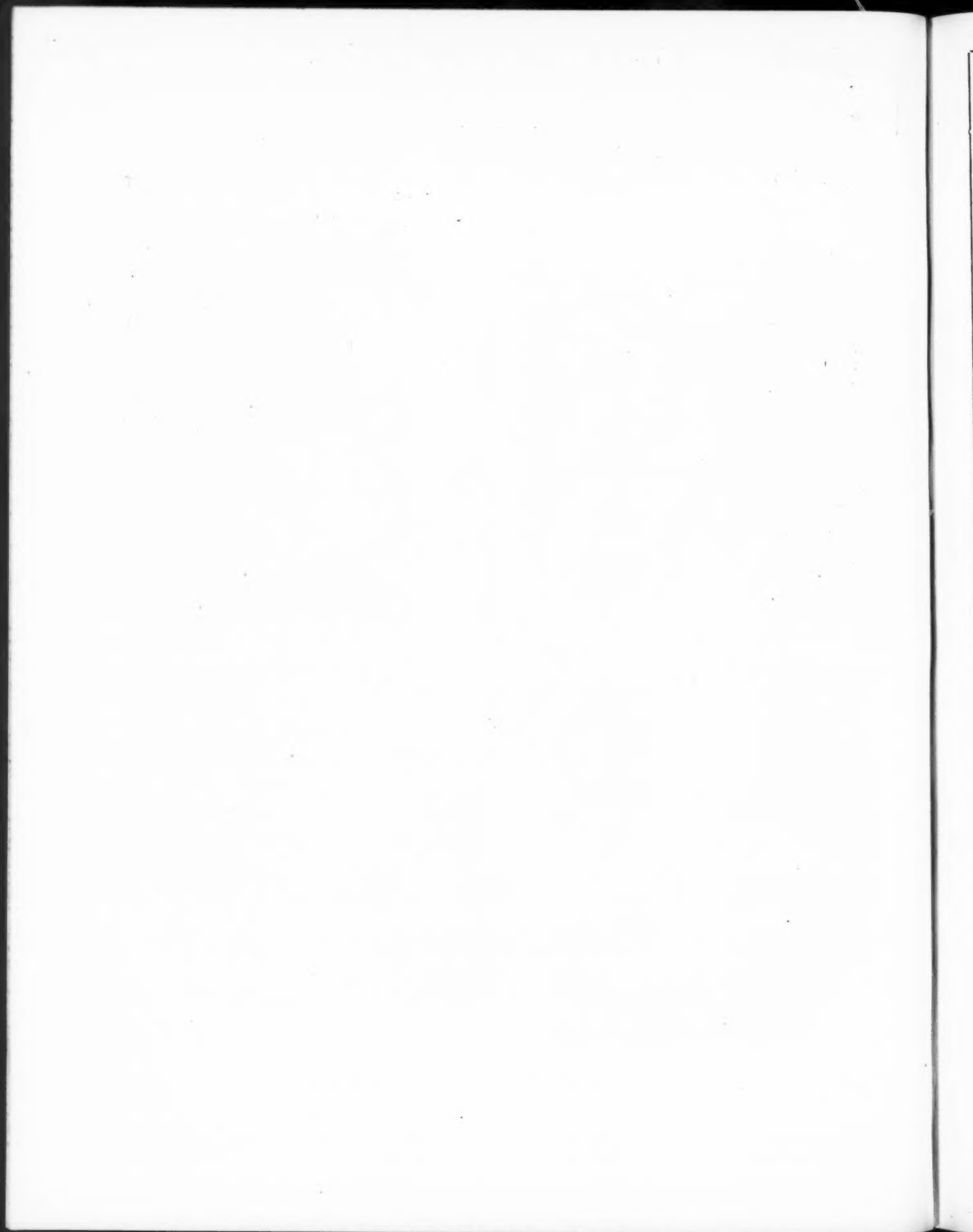
He (in a voice of thunder). Silence, ungrateful children. You ought to be thankful you've got any gravy to be



THE EXILE SUPPLANTED;

OR, THE ENOCH ARDEN OF FLEET STREET.

[There has been a rumour, generally discredited, that Temple Bar may be re-established in London, though not on its old site.]





WHY NOT?

THE FELINE FUR-CLEANING ASSOCIATION. FURS CLEANED BY AN ENTIRELY NEW AND NATURAL PROCESS.

splashed with. If I hear another word there shall be no apple tart.

Third Girl. Oh, Dad, you mustn't. I like your carving, Dad.

She. You have just touched the clean table-cloth, haven't you, dear?

He. Yes, just the tiniest little pet of a spot.

Second Girl (reproachfully). Oh, Dad! I've counted twenty-six and I haven't finished yet.

[At last he completes his carving and sinks back into his chair exhausted.]

He. I hope Parkins hasn't got any more daughters.

She. Hear, hear!

AN UNDESIRABLE ALIEN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that Public Opinion is being so very much exercised as to the wisdom of allowing foreign undesirables to use our tight little island as a refuge, don't you think, Sir, that this would be an admirable opportunity to get something done with regard to that most undesirable of all aliens, our Weather?

As far as I can make out, Sir, we have no weather of our own—at least, if we have, it never gets a chance to show itself, being quite overshadowed by these abominable foreign importations. Whenever I look at the weather reports I find something like this: "The Scandinavian cyclonic disturbance is advancing rapidly in the direction of the British Isles, while the Icelandic depression is already encroaching on our northern shores," or "The deep cyclonic

system which is at present centring in the southern part of these islands has travelled over from Siberia, and may be expected to increase in severity for some days."

Now why should we put up with these foreign miscreants any longer? Why should our island be the popular resort of every meteorological desperado in two continents? Their own countries won't stand them, that's evident. And there is good reason to suppose that they never display their full malevolence until they reach us. Other places have their little climatic trials, I admit; but though the behaviour of these disturbances and depressions is bad enough over there to merit their immediate expulsion by the clear-headed foreigner they reserve their most fiendish outrages for British soil. We offer them a refuge and they repay us with the blackest treachery.

No, Sir, the strictest regulations must be drawn up to prevent this abuse of hospitality. Let every doubtful depression and disturbance that fails to guarantee a reasonable modicum of sunshine *per diem* be resolutely deported back to the country of origin. What we want is Protection; we must refuse to be the climatic dumping-ground of Europe. For I am old-fashioned enough to believe, Sir, that, given a clear field, we ourselves could manufacture here in England all the weather that is required for home consumption. Whatever the results of our first unskilled attempts, they couldn't very well be any worse than these imported specimens. With "British Weather for British Consumers and Down with Foreign Depressions" as our battle-cry,

Yours, etc., PATRIOT.

THREATENED BILLIARD DEADLOCK.

GRAY'S BREAKS LEAD TO TROUBLE.
AUSTRALIAN FURY.

THE spectacle of the classic and superb DIGGLE (who has recently beaten STEVENSON by several thousand points) being kept in his seat for two whole sessions (*défense de rire*) while GEORGE GRAY, the Australian marvel of eighteen, was compiling more records off the red, at last brought matters to a head, and the Billiards Control Association are now hard at work trying at the same time to come to a conclusion with regard to the stroke, to appease DIGGLE and to pacify the warlike sons of an outraged Commonwealth.

But, first, what is the stroke? Well, it is quite simple. It is merely going in off the red into one or other of the middle pockets and then doing it again and again until you do it oftener than any one else and your father kisses you to a pulp. We can all make the stroke, but it has never occurred to us—not even to our professionals—to go in for so much of it. One or two, and then the ordinary amateur—you or I—turns to other and more attractive fields of action, to the cannon, to the white loser, to the failure to score, and even to the miss-cue. Our game is varied; the boy GRAY's is monotonous. Clever he may be, but tedious and tiresome. And think of DIGGLE seated there with his chin on his knees for four long hours; and people in the hall, who had paid to see him too! Something, of course, had to be done. Billiards was threatened; our best professionals made to look foolish.

It is not the first time the authorities have had to act. There was a stroke once called the push. Where is it now? To be found in its perfection one must seek the giddy haunts of bagatelle. There was a stroke called the spot. A little man named PEAL used to make it. His head just appeared above the table, but he could make the stroke for ever, and since this shot, too, injured the game as a whole it had to go. Then came the anchor, and that also had to go, but not before REECE had made nearly a quarter of a million points from it at the top end in the watches of many nights, while the reporters slept in

baulk and elsewhere on the table. And, lastly, a run of direct nursery cannons (which you and I can do so beautifully) was limited to twenty-five.

With such a record behind them the Billiard authorities naturally would not have shrunk for a moment from tackling young GEORGE GRAY and the red losers, had it not been for one thing. GEORGE GRAY is an Australian; and, they asked themselves, is it wise to excite Australian anger? One knows those Antipodeans—how keen they are, how proud of their sportsmanship. Would it be a sensible act to clip this



First Cuddie (to second ditto). "WOULDN'T COST 'IM MUCH, NOT IF 'E WAS PLAYIN' WIV NEW-LAID EGGS."

young kangaroo's wings? Would any of the Billiards Control gentlemen be safe? Think of the boomerang, how deadly! *The Sydney Bulletin*, how lethal! The cassowary champagne, how flaming!

Deciding, therefore, that it was best to feel the pulse of Antipodean opinion before taking too decisive action, a number of cablegrams to prominent Australians and Australophiles, with answers prepaid up to a reasonable amount (considering Australian eloquence), were sent out by the Association. The replies are subjoined:—

Clem Hill.

GRAY must not be touched. He is one of our glories. My only regret is that he is right-handed.

The Hon. W. R. Deakin.

If anything were done to depreciate or discourage the natural and acquired genius of the wonderful boy, GEORGE GRAY, of whom the Daughter-Country is so rightly proud, I can assure England that no good would follow. Painter-cutting would inevitably result.

The Editor, "The Sydney Bulletin."

Nothing can save England, if GRAY's stroke is barred or tampered with, from a wholesale revolt amongst the mar-supial population of Australia. It is enough to make a dingo despair.

Madame Melba.

I trust that the poor boy will be allowed to go on as he is. We all delight in his *bravura*.

Mr. Victor Trumper.

My view is that 214 off the leather with SINCLAIR and LLEWELLYN bowling is better than any number off the red ivory. All the same, should seriously resent any interference with GRAY.

Madame Ada Crossley.

I regard the proposal of the Billiards Control as an act of treason against the Southern Cross. I shall never be able to sing "*Robin Gray*" without a painful consciousness that the first word ought to be spelled with two b's.

Lord Dudley.

I am prepared to withdraw my resignation if by so doing I can in any way support my friend GEORGE GRAY against this attempt to impair his supremacy.

Mr. Richard Jebb.

This is worse than the Referendum. *Morning Post* staff absolutely solid in denouncing contemplated action as worthy of Lord Robert le Diable.

"The Australian's magnificent effort terminated by failure, after losing the red and his own ball, to screw into the top pocket."—*Daily Mail*.

With only his opponent's ball to play with he ought to have had no difficulty in getting it into any pocket.

"Quite an epidemic of burglary and house-breaking appears to be raging in London, no fewer than four cases coming before the magistrates in various courts."—*Royal Cornwall Gazette*.

Really it's hardly safe to sleep at nights. One house in every half million!



ISING TO THE OCCASION.

Ritualistic Vicar's Wife (to New Cook). "AND YOU ARE A HIGH-CHURCH WOMAN, I HOPE?"

New Cook. "OH, YES, MUM, HIGH CHURCH, AND AS THE CHURCH GETS HIGHER I GET HIGHER."

ORDO EQUESTRIS.

[A new method of settling the unfortunate differences between Peers and Commons.]

I AM not one of those whose swords
Are pointed to assail the Veto,
Nor yet do I defend the Lords
Against the Socialist mosquito;
I rather strum the tuneful chords
Of harmony, and foot the boards
Of state-craft with a free toe.

For when these civic feuds are rife
And men with raucous tones or fruity
Have made a burden of my life
(We bards were meant to live for Beauty),
To cut the Gordian knot of strife
With reason's penetrating knife
Would seem to be my duty.

They say—I get these newsy whiffs
From friends who talk above their toddy—
That ASQUITH, tired of verbal tiffs,
With half a thousand peers of shoddy
Will fight the Upper Chamber's sniffs,
A move that absolutely biffs
That legislative body.

Well, I'm no single Chamber chap;
The Constitution's woven tissues
In such a case I trow would snap,
The use of Power be turned to *mis-use*;

But when *two* Councils have a scrap,
One needs a *third* to join the gap
And judge their jarring issues.

Nor idly thus you'll understand
With peaceful voice my Muse has twittered;
A House of Knights is what I've planned
To heal the rage of hearts embittered—
Men of a sound commercial brand,
Mayors and the like, with whom our land
Is positively littered.

These are the nation's very soul,
And ought by rights to rule her courses,
Whom not the favour of the poll
Nor accident of birth endorses,
But bacon, beer, and boots and coal;
So to our help, O Knighthood, roll
Up with your champing horses.

EVOR.

"Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, is spending a few days at the Isle of Mull, on the East Coast of Scotland."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

Apparently the Isle of Mull is also spending a few days on the East Coast of Scotland.

"All the bridesmaids," says the *Liverpool Courier*, "wore gold jewelled breeches." We are not surprised to read that "the wedding attracted a great deal of attention."

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

The difficulty of finding suitable one-Act plays for country house theatricals has often been commented upon. The real trouble, however, is not that there is a scarcity of such plays, but that there are too many of them. But while there are many plays there are not more than half-a-dozen types, and it is felt that if the choice of the amateur impresario were restricted to single examples of these plays he would, without losing anything of artistic value, be a considerable gainer in the matter of time. We propose, therefore, to indicate, once and for all, the types at his disposal.

I.—“FAIR MISTRESS DOROTHY.”

[Penalty for performing this play, one guinea. Second offence, twenty-one days.]

The scene is an apartment in the mansion of Sir Thomas Farthingale. There is no need to describe the furniture in it, as rehearsals will show what is wanted. A picture or two of previous Sir Thomas's might be seen on the walls, if you have an artistic friend who could arrange this; but it is a mistake to hang up your own ancestors, as some of your guests may recognise them, and thus pierce beneath the vraisemblance of the scene.

The period is that of Cromwell—sixteen something.

The costumes are, as far as possible, of the same period.

Mistress Dorothy Farthingale is seated in the middle of the stage, reading a letter and occasionally sighing.

Enter My Lord Carey.

Carey. Mistress Dorothy alone! Truly Fortune smiles upon me.

Dorothy (hiding the letter quickly). An she smiles, my lord, I needs must frown.

Carey (used to this sort of thing and no longer put off by it). Nay, give me but one smile, sweet mistress. (She sighs heavily.) You sigh! Is't for me?

Dorothy (feeling that the sooner he and the audience understand the situation the better). I sigh for another, my lord, who is absent.

Carey (annoyed). Zounds, and zounds again! A pest upon the fellow! (He strides up and down the room, keeping out of the way of his sword as much as possible.) Would that I might pink the pesky knave!

Dorothy (turning upon him a look of hate). Would that you might have the chance, my lord, so it were in fair fighting. Methinks Roger's sword-arm will not have lost its cunning in the wars.

Carey. A traitor to fight against his King!

Dorothy. He fights for what he thinks is right. (She takes out his letter and kisses it.)

Carey (observing the action). You have a letter from him!

Dorothy (hastily concealing it, and turning pale). How know you that?

Carey. Give it to me! (She shrieks and rises.) By heavens, madam, I will have it!

[He struggles with her and seizes it.]

Enter Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas. Odds life, my lord, what means this?

Carey (straightening himself). It means, Sir Thomas, that you harbour a rebel within your walls. Master Roger Dale, traitor, corresponds secretly with your daughter.

[Who, I forgot to say, has swooned.]

Sir Thomas (sternly). Give me the letter. Ay, 'tis Roger's hand, I know it well. (He reads the letter, which is full of thoughtful metaphors, aloud to the audience. Suddenly his eyebrows go up to express surprise. He seizes Lord Carey by the arm.) Ha! Listen! "To-morrow, when the sun is upon the western window of the gallery, I will be with thee." The villain!

Carey (who does not know the house very well). When is that?

Sir Thomas. Why, 'tis now, for I have but recently passed through the gallery and did mark the sun.

Carey (fiercely). In the name of the King, Sir Thomas, I call upon you to arrest this traitor.

Sir Thomas (sighing). I loved the boy well, yet—

[He shrugs his shoulders expressively and goes out with Lord Carey to collect sufficient force for the arrest.]

Enter Roger by secret door R.

Roger. My love!

Dorothy (opening her eyes). Roger!

Roger. At last!

[For the moment they talk in short sentences like this. Then Dorothy puts her hand to her brow as if she is remembering something horrible.]

Dorothy. Roger! Now I remember! It is not safe for you to stay!

Roger (very brave). Am I a puling child to be afraid?

Dorothy. My Lord Carey is here. He has read your letter.

Roger. The black-livered dog! Would I had him at my sword's point to teach him manners.

[He puts his hand to his heart and staggers into a chair.]

Dorothy. Oh, you are wounded!

Roger. Faugh, 'tis but a scratch. Am I a puling—

[He faints. She binds up his ankle.]

Enter Lord Carey with two soldiers.

Carey. Arrest this traitor! (Roger is led away by the soldiers.)

Dorothy (stretching out her hands to him). Roger! (She sinks into a chair.)

Carey (choosing quite the wrong moment for a proposal). Dorothy, I love you! Think no more of this traitor, for he will surely hang. 'Tis your father's wish that you and I should wed.

Dorothy (refusing him). Go, lest I call in the grooms to whip you.

Carey. By heaven—(thinking better of it) I go to fetch your father.

[Exit.]

Enter Roger by secret door L.

Dorothy. Roger! You have escaped! Roger. Knowest not the secret passage from the wine cellar, where we so often played as children? 'Twas in that same cellar the thick-skulled knaves immured me.

Dorothy. Roger, you must fly! Wilt wear a cloak of mine to elude our enemies?

Roger (missing the point rather). Nay, if I die, let me die like a man, not like a puling girl. Yet, sweetheart—

Enter Lord Carey.

Carey (forgetting himself in his confusion). Odds my zounds, dod sink me! What murrain is this?

Roger (seizing Sir Thomas's sword, which had been accidentally left behind on the table, as I ought to have said before, and advancing threateningly). It means, my lord, that a villain's time has come. Wilt say a prayer?

[They fight, and Carey is disarmed before they can hurt each other.]

Carey (dying game). Strike, Master Dale!

Roger. Nay, I cannot kill in cold blood.

[He throws down his sword. Lord Carey exhibits considerable emotion at this, and decides to turn over an entirely new leaf.]

Enter two soldiers.

Carey. Arrest that man! (Roger is seized again.) Mistress Dorothy, it is for you to say what shall be done with the prisoner.

Dorothy (standing up if she was sitting down, and sitting down if she was standing up). Ah, give him to me, my lord!

Carey (joining the hands of Roger and Dorothy). I trust to you, sweet mistress, to see that the prisoner does not escape again.

[Dorothy and Roger embrace each other, if they can do it without causing a scandal in the neighbourhood, and the curtain goes down.]

A. A. M.



I.—TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF SHOOTING-PARTY GROUP.

II.—DESIGN FOR SOMETHING FRESH.



FIRST AIDS TO HORSEMANSHIP.

SCENE—A Training Stable. Boy just returned with exhausted horse.

Head Lad. "I'LL LEARN YER TO LET THAT 'ORSE BOLT WITH YER, YOU YOUNG RAT!"

Boy. "O-OH, PLEASE, I COULDN'T 'ELP IT, I COULDN'T 'ELP IT!"

Head Lad. "'ELP IT—O' COURSE YOU COULDN'T 'ELP IT. IF I THOUGHT YOU COULD 'AVE 'ELPED IT, I'D KILL YER!"

THE SIMPLE SHEPHERD.

A WINSTON-AND-LLOYD GEORGIC.

— An aged man,
Still hearty and still hale,
A simple swain from out the West,
What should he know of gaol?

He had a rustic woodland air,
He plied his humble art
On uplands where the hinds prepare
Sheep for the mutton mart.

He loved his flock, he knew them all,
Nor lost them, like Bo-Peep,
And to his side by name could call
Each individual sheep.

One day, when after work he stood
Beside an old church door,
He found a little box of wood,
'Twas labelled, "For the Poor."

Within the box, as he could see,
A silver florin lay,
"The Poor," he cried; "nay, that
means me,"
And took the coin away.

And so because, o'ercome by ale,
He took what wasn't his'n,

For thirteen years, so ran the tale,
They shut him up in prison.

Far from the sheep he loved so well,
Companioned by despair,
They left him in a narrow cell
With nought but prison fare.

At last two gentlemen came by
Of credit and renown,
Seeking a good election-cry,
From famous London town.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And many a time and oft
Their tears had flowed in rivulets,
For, oh, their hearts were soft.

A soldier's coat the one had worn,
A lawyer's robe the other,
And now, in loyal friendship sworn,
They joined to help their brother.

The soldier sighed; "Foul shame," he
cried;
"And yet I think," said he,
"This tale of woe may serve to
show
Our famous clemency."

"I grieve to see," the lawyer wept,
"This poor old shepherd's vile end;
I fear this scandal can't be kept
From my good friends at Mile End."

For months and months they thought
i o'er,
To go or not to be;
Then opened wide the prison door
And set the Shepherd free.

In Wales a nice retreat was found
Where he might come and go,
Though ere he left it he was bound
To let his patrons know.

On Saturday his toil began,
On Sunday where was he?
Ask it of those who made the plan,
The plan to set him free.

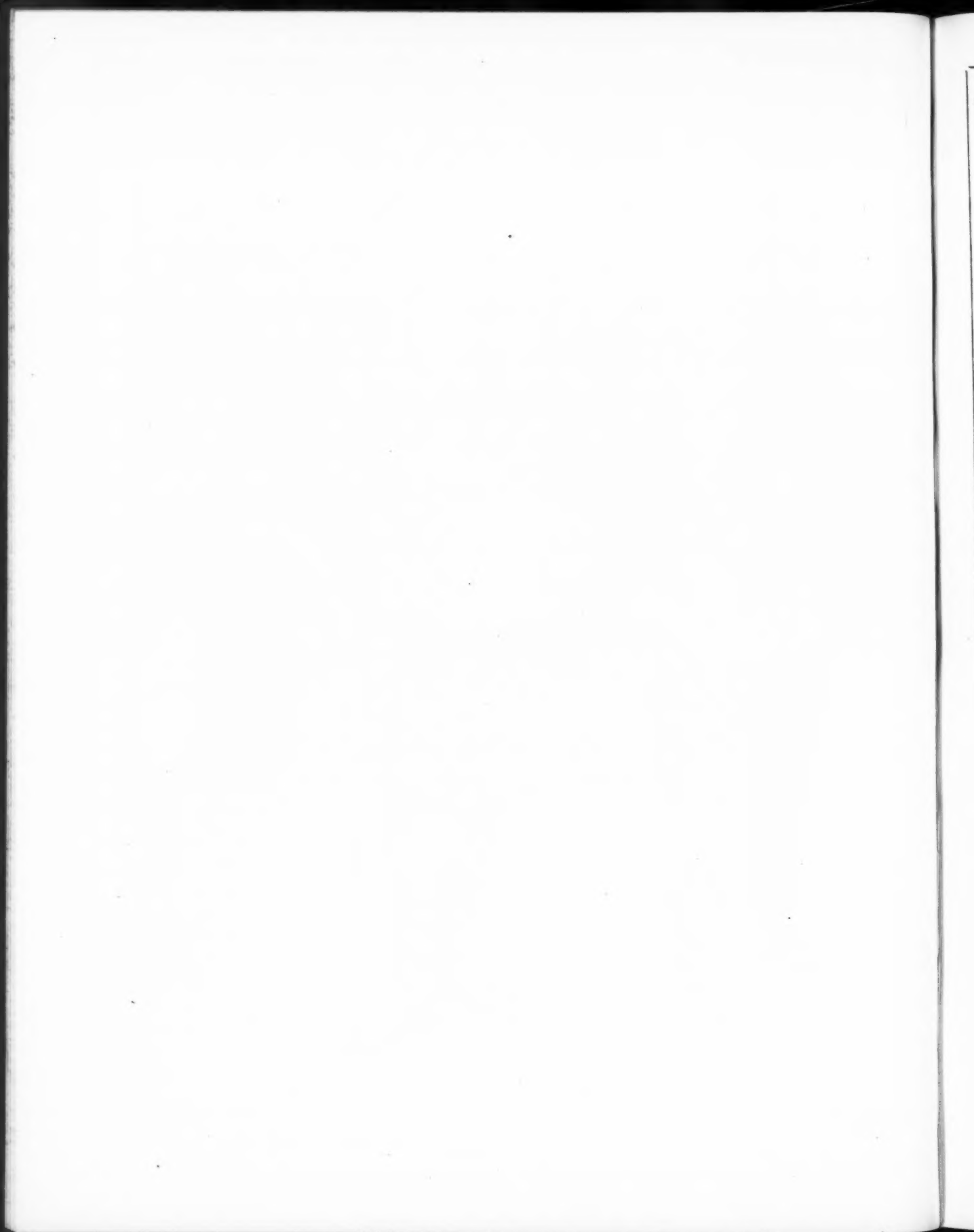
Where did that gentle shepherd go,
And how shall end our tale?
I rather trow that we shall know
When he comes back to gaol.

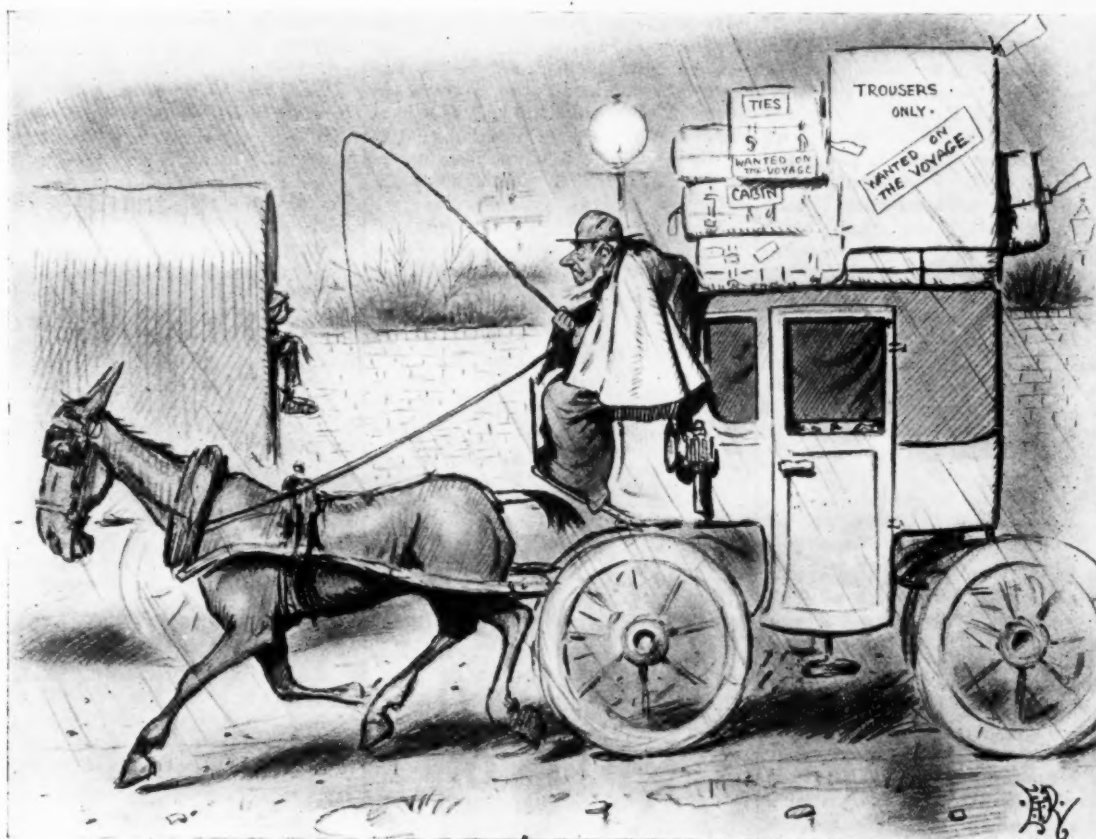
For there 'tis plain we'll see again
This man from Dartmoor (Devon),
Whose toll of years was thirty-eight
Of prison-service to the State,
The rest but twenty-seven.



AFTER THE POTSDAM OVERTURE.

FRANCE } (in unison). "I FEAR NO { FOE } IN SHINING ARMOUR!"
RUSSIA } FRIEND }





CELEBRITIES OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT.—IV.

OWING TO THE INOPORTUNE BREAKDOWN OF HIS PRIVATE MOTOR-CAR, THE ABOVE UNOBTRUSIVE VEHICLE (THE ONLY KIND AVAILABLE AT THE TIME) CONTAINS, BEHIND CAREFULLY DRAWN BLINDS, AN ACTOR-MANAGER *EX ROUTE* FOR A TRIUMPHAL TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES. MEMBERS OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS AND CINEMATOGRAF FRATERNITY WHO WERE TO HAVE IMMORTALISED HIM AS HE MOUNTED HIS CAR, HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO PROCEED TO THE STATION AND THERE TAKE HIM IN HIS GOING-AWAY TROUSERS WITH ONE FOOT ON THE STEP OF A RESERVED SALOON.

TO THE PAVILION CLOCK.

AT A FOOTBALL MATCH.

AROUND the ropes the tumult swayed
On rows of myriad feet,
The stands were packed with those that
paid
A shilling for a seat,
And faces blue and faces red,
And wild eyes starting from the head,
Confessed some little heat.

And now from every side arose
Full many a voice to prime
Their friends to newer zeal, their foes
To play the game (or gime),
While sounding threats, extremely free,
To scrag the whistling referee
Assailed the thick sublime.

And I, too, though of sober mood,
Letting my zeal outrun
Discretion, bellowed, howled and boomed,

And carried on like fun ;
Till suddenly, thou thing of Awe,
I lifted up my gaze, and saw
Thy face, majestic One.

From thy high gable near the roof
Thou gazed'st on the show
Supremely, icily aloof
From them that raged below ;
While they, with puny fires, waxed hot,
Time's very flight concerned thee not,
Thou didst not even go.

Alone above that purpled crowd
Thy face was all unflushed,
Where every other voice was loud,
Thine, thine alone, was hushed.
There, while the world beneath thee
raved,
Thou wert the one thing well-behaved ;
I really felt quite crushed.

And, gazing on thine awful face,
Upon my spirit came

A numbing sense of dull disgrace,
A sudden chill of shame ;
The moments passed unheeded by,
The sport concerned me not, though I
Had money on the game.

In vain I strove to keep my glance
Fixed on that paltry fray ;
Thy grave unsmiling countenance
Seemed somehow to convey
A mute contempt, a settled scorn
Too righteous to be tamely borne—
I had to go away.

O Clock, O cold and self-serene,
Bitter it was to see
How low that unbecoming scene
Appeared to one like Thee ;
And sad—O grave and lucid brow—
To think that we were Britons, Thou
Wast made in Germany.

DUM-DUM.

WAS JULIUS CÆSAR EVER IN LONDON?

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to settle this vexed question once and for all. A few years ago there was, in the neighbourhood of Herne Hill—and it may still be there if a criminal disregard for historic monuments has not allowed it to fall into decay—a neat and attractive erection bearing the inscription, JULIUS CÆSAR SUMMER HOUSE, and some reference to rustic work which, being extraneous, I have now forgotten. GARRICK, we know, had a villa at Hampton, POPE a grotto at Twickenham, BRUCE a castle at Tottenham, HADRIAN a villa in Northumbria, and so on. The interesting relic in South London not only establishes the fact of CÆSAR's presence, but indicates that in the early days of the Roman occupation it was customary to have a period of summer here in our metropolis.

Yours faithfully,
HISTORICUS.

SIR,—JULIUS CÆSAR never visited London. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE lived on the spot 300 years nearer his time, so that he was in a better position to form an accurate judgment. Yet SHAKSPEARE makes no reference to the alleged incident, and he was a writer of great distinction, and generally accurate with regard to historical detail.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who also at one time resided on the spot, has written a play on the same subject. Mr. SHAW is fully capable of making up his history as he goes along, and the fact that he never invented this myth shows that he did not think it worth inventing.

The public and the press have—as usual—got the thing wrong. In the present case they have probably confused some hazy recollection of Sir JULIUS CÆSAR's tomb in the City with something, inaccurately related, which they have recently misread about the Cato Street conspiracy.

Yours truly, ADELPHIAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—Possibly the solution of this burning question is to be found, not so much by examining local evidence as in the conscientious study of the conditions which existed in the palmy era of Rome's ascendancy. In this connection there is no more agreeable way of acquiring the necessary information than in the perusal of sound literature, dealing—frequently in the palatable guise of wholesome fiction—with the period concerned. Here I am reminded of a little work which was received very favourably by the press (*The Clackfeldy Herald* said, I think, "Painstaking . . . and displays . . . signs of . . . ability.") It is called,

if I remember the title rightly, "*Thumbs Down! or, Ave, Cæsar!*" The author has evidently made the epoch the subject of close study and much thought, and—being entirely disinterested—I can warmly recommend the volume (it flashes across my mind that it is published at 6/-, with the usual discount) to those who are fond of dwelling on the times that have passed away for aye.

Yours most sincerely,

V. CRUMMLES.

DEAR SIR,—Whether JULIUS CÆSAR actually visited London or not, the



BETTY HAS GROWN TIRED OF TEDDY BEARS, SO NOW HER GOVERNESS IS QUITE IN THE FASHION.

weight of evidence is overwhelming that the Phœnicians landed in Cornwall (aptly termed the Riviera of England) at a much earlier date. The reason is not far to seek. Here, at St. Blazes, while the climate is invigorating, the mean annual—

[You may send the *Illustrated Booklet* if you insist, but this letter must now cease.—ED.]

"Elegance is, again, a different quality, and a woman may dress with 'chic,' but may not really attain elegance, while, on the other hand, there are some women who have 'chic' and yet who lack the very subtle gift of elegance."—*Evening News*.

The chances of missing elegance seem rather numerous.

STUDY FOR A POPULAR BALLAD.

Wox't you come, my dearest girlie,
At the hour of dawning day,
When the dewdrops bright and pearly
Mirror back the Milky Way!
When the owl is gently hooting
On the oleander tree,
And the nightingale is fluting
Tira lira, tra la lee?
Oh, put on your daintiest kirtle
Ere the turtle dove turns turtle
And the magic of the myrtle
Turns to ashes at our feet;
Come and listen to my pleading,
For 'tis you that I am needing,
And my tender heart is bleeding
For your love that is so sweet.

Wake and hurry with your toilet,
Little bonnie girlie mine,
Ere the petals of the violet*
Wither in the noonday shine.
Lo! the world its best apparel
Has ecstasically donned,
And the song-birds raise their carol
In your honour, Hildegonde;
And the kindly cows are mooing
As the cud they're gently chewing,
And the cuckoos are cuckooing
And the merry lambkins bleat.
Come and listen to my pleading,
For 'tis you that I am needing,
And my tender heart is bleeding
For your love that is so sweet.

*Pronounce "voilet."

THE NOVEL OF THE SEASON.

It was Jones who began it by saying excitedly, "Of course you've read *Pink Poppies*, the book of the publishing season, that everybody's going crazy over?" I said, "No; do tell me about it," and Jones gave me a *résumé* of the plot, which, as he said, was a remarkably fine one, and described the characters, all (it seemed) wonderfully interesting, and yet exactly like the people one meets in everyday life; but there was a something more about the book, an atmosphere which had to be experienced to be believed, which it was impossible for him to attempt to communicate. I yawned and said I would read it.

The lady whom I took in to dinner the same evening almost immediately opened fire with, "Of course you've read *Pink Poppies*? What do you feel about it?" And I (I hope I may be forgiven) told a pink lie, and answered, "Isn't it splendid?" adding hurriedly, "but I would rather know what you think of it." So I got a second account of *Pink Poppies*, in which the characters (and even the plot) seemed rather different but none



NOW THAT PET DOGS ARE A RECOGNISED PART OF THE NATION'S LIFE, IT IS SURELY HIGH TIME THAT RESTAURANTS SHOULD MAKE SPECIAL PROVISION FOR THIS INFLUENTIAL SECTION OF THE PUBLIC.

the less beautiful and stimulating. Human nature, after all, is full of these inconsistencies, and it was now that it began to dawn on me what a wonderful book *Pink Poppies* must be. Later on in the drawing-room I managed to obtain a third synopsis from another lady (some of the characters seemed to have altered their names in the meantime, but that, too, has been known to occur in real life), and I began to find myself taking strangely individual views about the heroine, and differing from the ordinary opinion about the great emotional crisis of her life.

After that I read eagerly all the newspaper reviews of *Pink Poppies*, and they all agreed in praising it, though all for quite different reasons; other people also insisted on discussing *Pink Poppies* with me and growing enthusiastic about it until gradually out of the mist of warring motives and changing events there grew up in my mind a clear and beautiful memory: *Pink Poppies* became a part of my life, and I could more readily have borne the death of either of my great-uncles than the loss of the new friends I found in its pages. I became an

authority on *Pink Poppies*, and was celebrated as one who knew its hero more intimately and appreciated his mental struggles better than anybody else. I began to see the world through pink spectacles, and whenever I met Jones I would thank him effusively for being the first to introduce me to the book.

I have not yet read *Pink Poppies*, and I shall never bring myself to do so now, for I feel sure I should be horribly disillusioned.

A LOVE-SONG.

(Out of Season.)

Her name is merely Sarah Cooke;
She's not so bad a wench;
She knits and sews and even knows
A smattering of French;
And, what is more, her father's on
The local petty bench.

Her wit is of the nature which
Not frequently expands,
But, when it rips, produces quips
Which no one understands;
She has, as all her friends admit,
A useful pair of hands.

Her teeth remind observant folk
Rather of gold than pearls;
Her hair is sound and hedged around
With artificial curls;
Her eyes (a greyish-greenish-brown)
Are much as other girls'.

Her singing voice is strong and large,
She has a powerful throat;
Her hats suggest the cheaply dressed,
Her boots suggest the vote;
And she is undefeated by
The longest table d'hôte.

Her waist is of the size that most
Suggests security;
Her competence is not immense;
Her age is forty-three;
I cannot say what makes me think
She is the girl for me.

From the Secretary of the Victoria and Albert Museum:

"Sir,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter received yesterday which will receive attention."

This is one of those letters which cannot be dictated off-hand, demanding as they do the leisure of the study for their composition.

WHEN WE ALL HAD A THOUSAND A YEAR!

I CAN'T say for certain, but I suppose the sportsman who happened to be Prime Minister at the time must have been a bit on the Socialist side. Anyhow, he'd brought in a Bill for providing every grown-up male and female with a thousand a year for life. If anyone had more than that already, the State would collar the surplus—but nobody was to have less.

Which was fair enough all round. For, as he put it, a thousand a year was as much as the richest required for all but purely artificial luxuries, while on such an income the poorest would be enabled to lead a cultured existence in hygienic surroundings.

Where all these incomes were to come from I have forgotten now, but I know that the financial side of the scheme, as he explained it, was as simple as shelling peas. But of course the Nation had to be consulted first, and so the Bill was referred to a Poll of the People. The People seemed quite to take to the idea—the Bill was passed by an overwhelming majority amidst the wildest enthusiasm. Possibly the fact that the number of voters with an income approaching a thousand a year was comparatively insignificant helped to make it popular. I myself was a clerk in one of the Government offices, and my own income, from all sources, just reached six hundred. But, although a bachelor and with no very expensive tastes, I found I generally exceeded it. An extra four hundred a year would leave me quite a comfortable margin. So of course I voted for the Bill.

As soon as it became Law my first step was to send in my resignation to my Chief. I didn't see any sense in going on drudging from ten to five when I should be getting more than three times my salary for doing nothing. And a lot of other fellows felt the same. All the shopkeepers, for instance, retired promptly. What with Competition and Bad Seasons and incessant General Elections, they said, it had been as much as they could do to make anything like a thousand a year. Now that that income was assured to them under any circumstances, it simply wasn't good enough to remain in business, especially if the profits were to go to the State! The streets were an extraordinary sight, with every tradesman in such a hurry to clear that he was positively forcing his stock on anyone whom he could get to carry it away for nothing. I remember that, in the course of a short stroll through some of our chief thoroughfares, I found myself burdened with a patent carpet-cleaner, an earthenware filter, a cut crystal chandelier, a calf's head, and a tray of glass eyes, none of which I really required, but the people were so pressing that it would have been downright rude to refuse.

Most of these articles I managed to shed as I went along, but I was not allowed to return empty-handed. There must have been some which I hadn't the moral courage to deposit on anyone's doorstep, or I could hardly have arrived at my rooms with a hair-dresser's dummy under one arm and a large gilded cow from a model dairy under the other. And when I got in I had an unpleasant surprise. My landlady informed me that she would be obliged by my finding other rooms as soon as possible. "The girl," whose father had been employed as a road-sweeper by a District Council, had departed to live at home in ease and affluence, and Mrs. Simeox did not feel equal to cooking for and waiting on me single-handed. Besides, as her husband's and son's joint incomes would, with her own, now amount to three thousand a year, it was clearly beneath their dignity to let lodgings.

I tried to get rooms elsewhere, but without success. I couldn't see a single fanlight that exhibited a placard with "Apartments." I suppose it was only what I might have expected. But what I own I *hadn't* been prepared for was the unanimity with which all classes were giving up their previous occupations. Even professional criminals decided that honesty on a thousand a year was infinitely preferable to small and precarious gains with the risk of imprisonment. And a good thing they did, too, because every constable in the force had chucked his job already. But so had the Railway Servants, and the Postmen, and, in short, all the sort of people one had come to depend on. It was most inconvenient to the Public, of course, and beastly selfish and inconsiderate into the bargain—but there was no arguing with the beggars! They'd only worked because they were obliged to, they said; now they were independent, and would see the Public blown before they'd do another stroke!

Still, we might have got along without them, somehow. What really upset us was the discovery that all the Butchers and Bakers and Provision Dealers generally had closed their shutters and set up as country gentlemen in suburban villas, as they could now well afford to do. As we had to have food, the Prime Minister ordered them all to come back at once and sell it to us. This they politely declined to do, unless they were permitted to pocket all the profits on their trading. Which, of course, would have knocked the bottom out of the Prime Minister's financial arrangements, so he wouldn't and couldn't give way on the point. At least, not until there were riots and some pressure was put on him; then he explained that the Government had never intended to discourage individual enterprise. So in a very short time business was going on as briskly as ever. Only, somehow or other, everything seemed to cost ever so much more than it used to. It is true that wages were higher—a fellow who has a thousand a year already has to be paid pretty handsomely before he'll take on any job—but I fancy prices must have gone up higher still. Whether the Government had got into arrears with the incomes, or whether even a thousand a year was no longer enough for the barest necessities is more than I can tell you. All I do know is that things had come to such a pass with me that I was just in the act of debating with myself whether I should go into the Workhouse or try to get taken on at the Docks as a "casual" for a paltry guinea an hour, when—well, as a matter of fact, I woke up. . . .

It had only been a dream, and I daresay no more sensible than my dreams ever are. Even when I'm awake my Political Economy is a trifle weak—when I'm asleep I expect it's absolutely rotten! As likely as not a Bill for giving everyone a thousand a year would work out quite differently. It *might* be a brilliant success. I mean, you must wait till it has actually been tried. And we mayn't have to wait so *very* long either.

F. A.

"The eagle-owl now preserved in the Natural History Department of the British Museum is a case in point. This particular bird, according to a naturalist writing lately in the *Scotsman*, had spent no less than seventy-two years of his life in captivity. If this is true, then I may fittingly conclude this article by wishing an owl's life to my readers."—*Country Life*.

Always happy—never at a loss!

"The observer should be facing the northern horizon at about eight p.m., with the east on his right and the west on his left."

Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

Even then he will be all wrong unless he gets the south firmly behind him.



UNAPPRECIATED TALENT.

Sportsman (without enthusiasm, watching recent purchase). "BRILLIANT HUNTER, FAST, JUMP ANYTHING, STAY FOR EVER."

SNAPSHOT LITERATURE.

SPEAKING on the importance of economising odd moments of time, Mr. W. E. HARVEY, M.P. for Rochdale, the other day stated that he had read nearly the whole of Shakspeare whilst shaving and putting on his collar. Earnest frequenters of Paternoster Row and other students of English literature will accordingly be gratified to learn that the idea is being developed for their benefit. We are promised, during the forthcoming publishing season, a "Dressing-table Gibbon" in 6,500 half-page leaflets, crown octavo, long primer type, printed only on one side and tied together by the top left-hand corner, so as to be hung on the corner of the looking-glass. The operator, therefore, will not need to squint very badly while directing his razor with one eye and improving his classical knowledge with the other. This edition should last him nearly eighteen years, using a leaflet each day.

We hear also of the "Wash-stand Waverley Novels," divided into 10,958 sections on celluloid tablets, impervious

to soapsuds and not liable to damage by water. This is calculated to supply the studious time-economiser with masterpiece instalments for thirty years exactly (counting leap-years), while he is, or should be, busy at the same time with his ablutions and teeth-cleaning.

Another highly improving production is the "Coat-rack Milton," to be issued with a single line on each page, and capable of being fastened upright on the wall of a vestibule or front hall. The diligent bank-clerk or the intellectual shop-walker, it is estimated, will just have time to master a single line of *Paradise Lost* as he seizes his hat and dives into his great-coat previous to rushing forth to catch the train. A line a day will see his lifetime out.

"The Tube-lift Tennyson Poster" offers culture to those soaring (or descending) souls who would otherwise be wasting the daily ten seconds of their journey up from, or down to, the depths of the earth. There is also the "Strip-Kipling Ticket," providing six verses, one for each secular day of the week.

TO A TERRIER.

CRIB, on your grave beneath the chest-nut boughs
To-day no fragrance falls nor summer air,
Only a master's love who laid you there
Perchance may warm the earth 'neath which you drowse
In dreams from which no dinner gong may rouse,
Unwakeable, though close the rat may dare,
Deaf, though the rabbit thump in playful scare,
Silent, though twenty tabbies pay their vows.
And yet mayhap, some night when shadows pass,
And from the fir the brown owl hoots on high,
That should one whistle 'neath a favouring star
Your small white shade shall patter o'er the grass,
Questing for him you loved o' days gone by,
Ere Death the Dog-Thief carried you afar!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

GOLDWIN SMITH, whose *Reminiscences* (MACMILLAN) have been skilfully edited by Mr. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, was a Superior Person, even to a fuller extent than HORSMAN reached, or a more modern instance has attained. Looking around him, commentating on men and matters, he found little that was good. His memory of the Duke of WELLINGTON is limited to the veteran's appearance in connection with the Oxford Commission appointed by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, when "he seemed to proclaim his inauguration by making false quantities in reading his Latin speech and wearing his Academical cap wrong side before." LOWELL he dismisses in a word. Of EMERSON he writes: "I heard him read his own poetry aloud, but it remained as obscure to me as before." I note these characteristics without prejudice, rather in despite of grateful acknowledgment of rare personal compliment. GOLDWIN SMITH quotes with approval two little japes, long since passed into currency, which, in the exuberance of youth, I fastened, one upon DISRAELI, the other upon ROBERT LOWE. With many other authorities he accepts as a matter-of-fact a parentage of which those eminent persons were innocent. He is at his best in his early reminiscences, where the intellectual austerity of the man is mellowed by the memories of boyhood. Other interesting passages are found in the chapter devoted to the American Civil War. Outside academic circles GOLDWIN SMITH is perhaps best known as "the Oxford Professor" introduced by DISRAELI into *Lothair* as "a social parasite." This gratuitous attack deeply wounded GOLDWIN SMITH. "Your expressions," he wrote to DISRAELI, "can touch no man's honour. They are the stingless insults of a coward." All the same the sting remained to the end. In his *Reminiscences* he finds it as difficult to keep out reference to his old enemy as did Mr. Dick to avoid allusion to the head of KING CHARLES THE FIRST when drafting his memorial. In spite of, perhaps because of, certain foibles on the part of the diarist the book is full of interest.

Heretics (and even infidels) may gather some faint gleams of encouragement from Father BENSON's latest book; for, though the heroine of *None Other Gods* (HUTCHINSON), if indeed I may call her by so flattering a name, jilted her fiancé with a shamelessness only to be expected from a girl brought up in the Protestant faith, there is a Cambridge friend of the hero's (of no very definite religious views) who is really quite a decent fellow; there is an atheistic doctor in Yorkshire whose devotion to toxins is recognised as not wholly discreditable, and a young clergyman down at the Eton Mission who seems to be doing his best according to his very inferior lights. *None Other Gods* is the story of an undergraduate who suddenly feels that

he has a "call," and leaving his university in the guise of a tramp enters upon an Odyssey of complete worldly failure and spiritual triumph. In case I have seemed somewhat querulous I had better state that the author held my interest chained from beginning to end, and that, although the book is in certain ways carelessly written, and I was always a little sceptical about the necessity for *Frank Gueseley's* complete renunciation of his normal destiny, there is no doubt that Father BENSON has a peculiarly vivid power of pictorial presentment; and I am glad that he admits (at least in the case of the Yorkshire doctor) the possibility of earnest devotion outside the pale of his own Church; otherwise I should have challenged him to impute Laodicean tendencies to a Grand Lama, let us say, or a howling Dervish in his next novel.

Some time back, I put Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH in a place very high up on my list of women who write good novels, and her latest story, *Spell Land* (BELL AND SONS), contains nothing to make me change this opinion. Indeed it has so far strengthened it that, if I were to state exactly the position which I believe this author will take among the great masters of English fiction, you might accuse me of exaggeration. Not, however, that I would have you suppose her books are pleasant to read. Far from it. Personally, they produce upon me the most uncomfortable effect; and in this regard *Spell Land* was, if anything, worse than its predecessors. Like them, it left me mentally bruised from contact with its sombre and masterful strength. *Spell Land* is the name of the Sussex farm where lived the three Shepherd brothers, yeomen, of whom *Claude*, the youngest, is the protagonist of the tale. It tells of his upbringing, of his relations with *Emily*, whom he loves, and *Oliver*, his rival; and of the ruinous end in which this love overwhelms them. The truth of it all is wonderful. At least, this is always my own feeling for Miss KAYE-SMITH's work. Never for one moment does one feel that the persons of whom she writes are characters in a story; all of them are tremendously, even a little frighteningly, alive. It is this which produces that impression of solidity in her telling of the simplest episodes. If only sometimes she would laugh a little. After all, one laughs quite often in real life; and the fact that it takes no count of this seems to me the one flaw in work of extraordinary quality.

The Great Squinters' Strike.

"The three men laughed; then stopped suddenly as the eyes of each met those of the other across the table."—*Daily Mail* Feuilleton.

Fashionable Intelligence.

"The Shields district was to-day visited by a buzzard."—*The Globe*.

"The brigade was called and distinguished the flames."—*Evening Times*.

It is something to recognize the fire when you see it.



THIS IS MR. TOOTING BECK, AND HE HAS NOT GOT A COLD. HE HAS JUST BOUGHT A PEDALLO PIANO-PLAYER, AND HAS READ IN THE PAPER THAT PADEREWSKI, BEFORE PLAYING, IMMERSSES HIS HANDS IN HOT WATER IN ORDER TO MAKE HIS FINGERS MORE NERVOUSLY SENSITIVE.